THE FIRST METAMORPHOSIS.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

11630. e. 16
6

ADAM's TAIL;

OR, THE

FIRST METAMORPHOSIS.

A Slave to Beauty's mild Dominion,
I dictate not my own Opinion;
An old Tradition I've related.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for JOHN BELL, near EXETER-EXCHANGE, in the STRAND.
M.DCC.LXXIV.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

An old Tradition I've learned.
I digress not my own Opinion:
A Servant to Reason's mild Dominion.

METAMORPHOSIS.

ADAM'S TAIL.

ADAM's TAIL;

OR, THE

FIRST METAMORPHOSIS.

WHEN JOVE, as learned *Rabbins* ſay,
Had form'd our common Sire of Clay,
Had ſpun the Nerves, ſublim'd the Juices,
And giv'n each Part its various Uſes;
To grace the Monarch's princely Thighs,
And guard his royal Side from Flies
That might his tender Fleſh aſſail,
He furniſh'd ADAM with a *Tail.*

Conceive a perfect *Tail*---confeſt
Of all *Tails poſſible* the beſt---

Call ev'ry Pow'r of Recollection,
Unite each Species of Perfection,
Repeat each beſt Idea o'er,
So long till you can climb no more;
And when you find this Aggregate
Of abſtract Excellence complete,
Juſt ſhape it to a *Tail*, dear Madam!
And ſuch a *Tail* was that of ADAM.

Nor let the modeſt Fair miſdeem,
Nor lightly prize the Poet's Theme;
For, truſt me, Ladies, if you think
That *Tails* were only made to ſtink;
If your Ideas of them be
Not full of Grace and Dignity;
Attend, and it ſhall ſoon be ſhewn
The Fault's not Nature's, but your own.

Obſerve the Peacock! ſee him ſtrut
With conſcious Pride, Foot after Foot,
His golden Plumage all unfurl'd,
As if he ſaid, "I ſcorn the World!"

Now,

Now, where does all this Beauty lie
That makes him rear his Head ſo high?
The Anſwer's known to all the Crowd,
It is his *Tail* that makes him proud.
Or view the ſtately Steed; or view
The Lap-dog, Miſs! that fawns on you;
Or *Torty*, purring by the Fire,
Or Squirrel in his Cage of Wire;
Is there in all theſe pretty Creatures
A Part which more adorns their Natures,
A Part whoſe Excellence prevails
Above the Beauty of their *Tails?*
Cut off their *Tails*; the lordly Steed
Beneath the Drayman's Laſh may bleed;
The Squirrel, diſregarded then,
Might ſeek his wild Woods once agen;
The playful *Shock*, might turn a Spit,
And *Torty*, live upon her Wit.
Thus, from the greateſt to the leaſt,
The *Tail*'s the Pride of ev'ry *Beaſt*.

But tell me, Ladies! were my Quill
To try one more Example ſtill;
Should I aſſert, in ſerious Tone,
It is on *this Account* alone,
(As ſomething whiſpers me I can)
That *Woman* is the *Pride* of *Man*;
Were I to prove, that ſhe whoſe Charms,
Rouz'd HOMER's Heroes up in Arms;
That ſhe, whoſe magic Smiles to boaſt,
A *Roman* thought the World well loſt;
That *Cropp* herſelf, that heav'nly Maid!
Are all but *Tails* in Maſquerade;
Say, would not then the Subject riſe
To high Importance in your Eyes?
Would not the Poet quickly hear
Some Female whiſper in his Ear---
" Forbear, raſh Youth, th' advent'rous Flight!
" None but a *Muſe* of *Tails* ſhould write."
Such *was* his *Tail*---But mark the Change!
JOVE, in a ſhort Time, chanc'd to range

On Earth, ſome new Deſign to plan,
And mark his new-form'd Creature, *Man*;
Hoping to find each Part and Limb
Quite elegant, compact and trim,
And, to ſee ev'ry Feature ſhine
With ſuch a radiant Grace divine,
With ſuch a Dignity as ſuits
The lordly Monarch of the Brutes,
And Maſter-piece of the Creation;
But O! how great was his Vexation,
To find that *Tail*, e'erwhile ſo fair,
So trimly deck'd with golden Hair,
That *Tail*, with ſo much Pains prepar'd,
To ſerve at once for Grace and Guard,---
---To find that *Tail* ſo ſcrubb'd and ragged
With Filth, that ADAM ſcarce could wag it!
So foul with many a dirty Lump,
That, form'd to guard, it gall'd his Rump!
So fraught with ſavoury Supplies,
It ſerv'd but to *invite* the Flies!

And ſo deform'd poor ADAM's Look,
JOVE for a *Monkey* him miſtook!
Beauty *before*, and Filth *behind*,
Were ſo ridiculouſly join'd,
That JOVE himſelf, tho' full of Spleen,
In ſecret ſmil'd to view the Scene.
But Rage, and Diſappointment, ſoon
Reſtrain'd his Mirth, and turn'd his Tune.
" Is this that human Form Divine
" Where Dignity and Grace combine!
" Is this the Breath of Life embodi'd!
" The expreſs Image of the Godhead!
" For univerſal Empire ſuited!
" If this be he---O! how be-muted---
" How fall'n from him I form'd to ſhare
" The Bliſſes of *Olympian* Air!
" From him, whom VENUS ſelf might kiſs!
" O cruel Metamorphoſis!
" And muſt I then reſign my Plan
" Becauſe I've given a *Tail* to *Man?*

" Shall

" Shall Brutes rebel and make a Fuſs,
" And ſay ' *This Man's but one of Us?*'
" Shall Syſtems be to Ruin hurl'd,
" And Anarchy reſume the World,
" And *Chaos* once again prevail,
" Becauſe a King b-----s his *Tail?*
" It muſt not be---I ſwear by STYX
" Proud FATE! I *will* not bear thy Tricks!
" *Tails* periſh firſt!" The Monarch ſaid;
And ſhook the Honours of his Head.

'Tis an old Theſis and a true,
" With HEAV'N to *will* implies to *do.*"
So off came *Tail*, nor left a Stump,
But parted even from his Rump;
So off came *Tail*, and lifeleſs lay,
Congenial with its Parent-clay;
So off came *Tail*; and *Pride* and *Grace*
Triumphant flew and ſeiz'd the Place,
With LOVE and JOY, and all their Train;
And ADAM was *himſelf* again.

JOVE view'd the *Tail* when fall'n behind,
And mighty Projects fill'd his Mind.
" Poor *Tail!* ſays he, as round he views it,
" In Faith, 'tis Pity thus to loſe it!
" Its Beauties, to be ſure, are faded;
" But 'twas fine Stuff of which I made it.
" More Dirt than *Tail* appears, 'tis true;
" But then what's of it's almoſt new.
" And tho' its Shape be ſomething warp'd,
" Its Brightneſs ſulli'd and abſorpt,
" Yet may it eaſily be roll'd
" Into ſome new and graceful Mould,
" And if theſe Fates don't mar my Plan,
" Made a new Source of Bliſs to Man.
" In this new Form it ſtill may be
" Us'd in its old Capacity;
" In this new Form may ſtill depend
" On ADAM as an humble Friend;
" Still ſerve his Pleaſure, mark his Will,
" And ſolace his *Poſteriors* ſtill."

The Scheme is fix'd, the Nod is given,
That powerful Nod that ſhakes the Heaven.
The *Tail*, obedient to the Nod,
Aroſe a *Woman* from the Sod.
Aroſe, not with that aukward Motion,
Of which old OVID had a Notion,
Of *gradual* Length'nings, Thick'nings, Buddings,
(Like an old Houſewife ſtuffing Puddings;)
Of ſpringing Arms, and ſprouting Noſes,
And all th'*Etcæteras* HE diſcloſes;
(While one Part, form'd, deſerts the Maſs,
And t'other, heavy, hangs an A--e,
As if the Artiſt were a Dunce;)
Not ſo---our *Tail* aroſe at *once*;
Aroſe, erect in youthful Grace,
Fairer than all that Paint can trace,
Or Tongue deſcribe, or Heart conceive;
And ADAM *knew his Conſort* EVE.

Thus ſay the *Rabbins*, Men who knew
Scripture as well as we can do.

They ſay not MOSES told a Fib
In drawing EVE from ADAM's *Rib*;
But, that, through Ignorance of their Tongue,
Divines tranſlate the Paſſage wrong;
And that the *Septuagint* impoſes
A Tale on us, *not* told by MOSES.
Who tells the Truth, or who's the Liar,
Ill ſuits the Comic Muſe t'enquire:
Yet if we'll take this plain Account,
And candidly reflect upon't
With due Sedateneſs for a Minute,
We'll find there's no Abſurdneſs in it;
We'll find that many Facts exiſt,
Which with ſmall labour one might twiſt
So as t'authenticate the Story
By *Argument à poſteriori*.
A few of theſe I'll now make uſe of;
The World be Judge if they're concluſive.
And firſt, we know, 'tis often ſaid
In *Scripture*, that the *Man*'s the *Head*,

Which ſeems obliquely to reveal
A Hint that *Woman* is the *Tail*.
The ſame Concluſion we may draw
From the old Oracles of *Law*.
Judge LITTLETON, whom every Pleader
At Bench and Bar allows his Leader,
He on whoſe Word there's ſuch Reliance,
His *Name* alone contains the Science,
Whoſe very *Night-cap* ſo demure, is
A kind of *Apotheca Juris*
Of ſuch Authority, that COKE
With it has frontiſpiec'd his Book,
And in it dreſs'd, the more t'oblige us,
That famous Author's true Effegies---
(O! would to Heav'n ſome wizard Touch
Would coif our *Barons* all in ſuch,
As much more ſuited to their Figure
And Dignity than Hat and Wig are!

Line 198. *His Name alone contains the Science*] This alludes to the Title-page of *Coke on Littleton*, in which at Commentator aſſerts, that *Littleton* is not the Name of the *Author* only, but of the *Law* itſelf.

Who then ſo ſoon would gain the Ears
And Judgments of th' aſſembled Peers,
What Grannam ſpeak with ſuch Applauſe,
'Gainſt Reaſon, Juſtice, and the Laws,
Or *damn* all *Genius* with ſuch Spirit
As Goody E---E, and Goody P----T!
-----But ſtop, my Muſe! Enough of this---
Conclude thy long Parentheſis!)
Judge LITTLETON, I ſay, reporteth
In ſixteenth Section, Page the fortieth,
'That whenſoever Grants are made,
'Or Lands or Tenements convey'd,
'(Due legal Forms obſerv'd) for Life,
'To GEOFRY and his *preſent Wife*,
'And when they both are dead and rotten,
'Then to his *Heirs on her begotten*,
'Reverting, when *ſuch* Iſſues fail;---
'Such Grants are made in *ſpecial Tail*.

'But

Line 213. *Damn all Genius.*] Alluding to the late Affair of literary Property, in which thoſe great Lawyers were of Counſel with the Pirates of the North.

'But when *no certain Wife*'s expreſs'd,
'Tis then *Tail general* confeſt.'
From this Poſition, 'tis moſt plain,
That all the learn'd of EDWARD's Reign,
If there be any Truth in Books,
Took *Wives* and *Tails* for Equivokes.

In various *Cuſtoms* too we trace
The *Origin* of *Woman's Race*.
Search thro' the Annals of Mankind,
Read o'er their Hiſtories, you'll find
'Mongſt the politer Nations, few
Expoſe their *Wives* to public View.
The *Inner-Room*, the *Maſk*, the *Veil*,
The lattic'd *Haram*, cloſe *Serail*,
All prove them to *that Part* allied
Which Mankind always *ſtrive* to *hide*.

Full many a Sage of rev'rend Beard
Has ſaid, *Maids* never ſhould be *heard*;
Which proves they draw their Birth from *thence*
Where ev'ry *Whiſper* gives *Offence!*

In

In *India* 'twould expoſe your Life
To aſk an Huſband How's his *Wife*.
Merely as being quite *indecent*,
And carrying an implied Diſgrace in't.
Juſt ſo with us 'twere an Affront
T' expreſs in Terms direct and blunt,
At leaſt in all politer Places,
Th' *Antipodes* of Human *Faces*.

On the ſame Grounds, the *French*, 'tis known,
Exclude all *Females* from the *Throne*,
As thinking rather ſtrange to ſee
The *Tail* uſurp the *Sov'reignty*.
Theſe Soleciſms, theſe motley ſcenes,
Of Patriot Mobs, and *Women Queens*,
France, with the Love of Order ſmitten,
Leaves to the freeborn Sons of *Britain*.
And *Britain*'s lordly Realm, that ſtill
Diſclaims all Law but her own Will,
Britain with ev'ry Whim delighted,
Where once a *Loin* of *Beef* was knighted.

Britain

Line 247.] Vide *Picart.* Relig. *Banians*, Vol. 4, paſſim.

Britain, (when Kings could not content)
Who bow'd to a *Rump Parliament!*
She, leaving Nature's Track behind,
Flings cold Decorum to the Wind,
And ſwears, whate'er ſhe wins or loſes,
She'll place *her* Crown on *what* ſhe chuſes!
And yet, even here, from Sire to Son
This ſame Tradition ſeems to run;
And Parents the great Truth convey
Sketch'd out in many a childiſh Play.
Thus, mark whene'er two Boys you meet
Playing *Chuck-Farthing* in the Street,
With Coins, that thro' their ancient Ruſt
On *one Side* ſhew a *manly* Buſt,
While on the *other Side* impreſt,
A *Female* Figure ſtands confeſt,
You'll find, as up the Halfpence fly,
While *Heads* or *Tails* is all the Cry,
That thoſe few thoughtleſs Words explain
The very Theſis I maintain;

And full as well the Truth defend,
As learn'd Quotations without End.
Whoe'er with careful Eye examines
The *Marriage-Rites* amongſt the *Bramins*,
Will find in theſe, *Tails* ſtill employed,
As the beſt Emblems of a *Bride*.
To Heav'n-ſprung *Ganges'* ſacred Banks
When Maids and Youths deſcend in Ranks
To ſee ſome Lover and his Wife,
And the Prieſt join their Hands for Life,
(If Trav'lers tell us not amiſs)
The Ceremony's ſimply this.
The Lover at the Prieſt's Command,
Juſt takes a *Cow's Tail* in one Hand,
With t'other Hand the *Wife* embracing,
And thus receives the *Bramin*'s Bleſſing.

Line 289.] *Parchas*, in his Extract of Voyages tells us, that on the Coaſt of *Benarez*, the Lover and his Miſtreſs, attended by a *Bramin* and a *Cow*, repair to the Banks of the *Ganges*, and go down into the River all together; the Huſband then lays hold of the *Cow's Tail* with one Hand, and takes his Wife's Hand in the other, and thus the *Bramin* pronounces the Formulary.

In

In JAVA's Iſland, ev'ry Swain
That Walks in HYMEN's feſtive Train,
Carries, in Honour of the *Fair*,
A *Horſe Tail* waving in the Air.
Now ſure 'twere fooliſh to ſuppoſe
Or dream that either theſe or thoſe,
So ſtrange a Cuſtom would have borrow'd,
Without ſome decent Reaſon for it.
But, if our Syſtem you'll admit,
And own *they* might have heard of it,
Their Rites will then ſo juſt appear,
You'll aſk why not adopted *here*.
The *Turks*, as all our Authors tell us
Are a ſad Pack of liquoriſh Fellows:
One Wife for them can never do--
Your mereſt *Commoner* has *Two*;
And for your *Baſhaw*, your *Grandee*,
Th' indulgent Laws allow *him three*.

Line 303] This, I think, is mentioned in *De Bry*'s Deſcription of the *Eaſt Indies*. But it is univerſally known.

Say, doth not ev'ry one who reads,
Anticipate what next ſucceeds?
And ſwear 'tis *hence* the Phraſe prevailes
That ſtiles them *Baſhaws* of *three Tails*?
From *Claſſic Learning* next, we're able
To bring ſome Proofs irrefragable.
When NESTOR at the *Greeks* would rail
For what we'd conſtrue *turning Tail*,
He plainly tells their whining Bands,
They'd *turn'd* meer *Women* on his Hands:
Now there is ſomething ſure ſo clear
And plain in NESTOR's Language here,
So bright a Glare of Truth about it
That *Woman's Tailſhip* can't be doubted.
This Syſtem too may ſerve t' explain us
The Myſt'ry of the *Birth* of VENUS.
For *ſhe*, if Poets' Pens may guide us,
Queen of IDALIA, CYPRUS, CNIDUS!
She, whoſe perſuaſive, gentle Sway
The Tribes of Nature all obey!

LOVE's Deity, and BEAUTY's Pattern!
Firſt iſſu'd from the *Tail* of SATURN,
(Which JOVE, one Morning in a Freak
Cut off, and threw into a Lake.)
A Proof beyond all Contradiction
Of our Account, tho' wrapt in Fiction?
Telling the World, in ſimple Proſe,
'Twas from a *Tail* that Woman roſe?
But ſay, ſhould thoſe fallacious be,------
Read, *Natural Philoſophy*.------
When Men are *marry'd*, FATE adorns
Their lordly Foreheads oft with *Horns*;
And where's the Beaſt o'er Hill or Dale
That carries *Horns* without a *Tail*?
The Truth is this, to end all Strife,
The *Tail* we look for, is,---the *Wife*.
When Brutes *evacuate*, Sages ſay,
They ſtill remove their *Tails* away.
Thus Fox-hunters, (when o'er their Liquor
They join to fuddle and ſhame the Vicar,)

Say, doth not ev'ry one who reads,
Anticipate what next ſucceeds?
And ſwear 'tis *hence* the Phraſe prevailes
That ſtiles them *Baſhaws* of *three Tails*?
From *Claſſic Learning* next, we're able
To bring ſome Proofs irrefragable.
When NESTOR at the *Greeks* would rail
For what we'd conſtrue *turning Tail*,
He plainly tells their whining Bands,
They'd *turn'd* meer *Women* on his Hands:
Now there is ſomething ſure ſo clear
And plain in NESTOR's Language here,
So bright a Glare of Truth about it
That *Woman's Tailſhip* can't be doubted.
This Syſtem too may ſerve t' explain us
The Myſt'ry of the *Birth* of VENUS.
For *ſhe*, if Poets' Pens may guide us,
Queen of IDALIA, CYPRUS, CNIDUS!
She, whoſe perſuaſive, gentle Sway
The Tribes of Nature all obey!

LOVE's Deity, and BEAUTY's Pattern!
Firſt iſſu'd from the *Tail* of SATURN,
(Which JOVE, one Morning in a Freak
Cut off, and threw into a Lake.)
A Proof beyond all Contradiction
Of our Account, tho' wrapt in Fiction?
Telling the World, in ſimple Proſe,
'Twas from a *Tail* that Woman roſe?
But ſay, ſhould thoſe fallacious be,------
Read, *Natural Philoſophy*.------
When Men are *marry'd*, FATE adorns
Their lordly Foreheads oft with *Horns*;
And where's the Beaſt o'er Hill or Dale
That carries *Horns* without a *Tail*?
The Truth is this, to end all Strife,
The *Tail* we look for, is,---the *Wife*.
When Brutes *evacuate*, Sages ſay,
They ſtill remove their *Tails* away.
Thus Fox-hunters, (when o'er their Liquor
They join to fuddle and ſhame the Vicar,)

Before the *ſmutty Toaſt* goes round,
Or *ſmuttier Song* begins to ſound,
Or *Chamber-pot* is brought by JOHN,
Firſt ſee the *Ladies* all are gone.

Men *marry Wives*, 'tis often ſaid,
To keep their *Back-parts warm* in Bed;
Now, either all my Judgment fails,
Or this will juſt apply to *Tails*.

The *Beagle's mail*, that in the Chace,
Still ſerves him in a Rudder's Place,
Which Way ſoe'er he ſpeeds his Flight,
Turn he to left Hand or to Right,
To Hill or Dale, you'll always ſee
His *Tail* turn *quite* the *contrary*.
Now, to each Huſband I'll appeal,
Does not his *Wife* juſt act the *Tail*,
When ſhe, whate'er is done or ſaid,
Still turns diverſely from her *Head*;
When ſhe, whatever Courſe he take,
Oppoſes, for oppoſing ſake;

Or if thro' mere Caprice and Whim
When brought at laſt along with him,
She writhes on, ſullenly, and ſlow,
As if ſhe ſaid, I hate to go;
Is ſhe not ſtill, in human Form,
The wounded *Tail* of Snake or Worm?

Range round the World, view ev'ry Beaſt,
From BRITAIN'S Plains to ZAARA'S Waſte,
Travel from CHILI to VERSAILLES,
Save *Men* and *Apes*, all Beaſts have *Tails*.
Search from St. JAMES'S to JAPAN,
All Beaſts have *Tails* but *Apes* and *Man*.
Fate, ſome Way to ſupply this Want,
Or ſoften the Severeneſs on't,
If an old Proverb tells us true,
Divided *Woman* 'twixt the *two*.
Thoſe who have Fortune, Beauty, Birth,
Fall to the *Men*'s Share *here* on Earth,
While thoſe whoſe *Maidenhood* eſcapes,
Are giv'n below, they ſay, to *Apes*.

The Senſe of this old Law, in vain
Has puzzled many a Sage's Brain;
Yet in three Words it may be ſhewn;
Women are *Tails*, and *Apes* have *none*.
A thouſand Facts conſpire to prove
When Inſtinct prompts the Brutes to *Love*,
That ſtill the *Tail's* th' *immediate Aim*
And primal Object of their Flame.

Why darts yon Steed ſo fierce an Eye?
Why beats his Pulſe ſo quick and high?
Why ev'ry Nerve with Ardor glows?
Yon Filley's *Tail* has caught his Noſe.

What ails poor *Pompey?* In the Streets
Why ſcents he ev'ry *Tail* he meets?
Why whirls he round if left alone,
Following in eager Chace, *his own*,
With fruitleſs Ardor o'er and o'er,
And never nearer than before?
Why ſudden ſtops he in his Race
At ev'ry Puppy's watering Place?

What Symptoms do theſe Facts diſcover?
Why *Pompey*, Madam, 's grown a *Lover*.
Juſt ſo poor STREPHON, ſorely ſmit,
(Who thought his CÆLIA never ſh-t)
Purſues the Fair thro' all her Mazes
While flatt'ring Hope his Ardor raiſes;
Still eager follows her about,
E'en at the Cloſeſtool ſcents her out,
And, after all his Labours paſt,
Is forc'd to give her up at laſt.
If thenceforth there's a Likeneſs found
'Twixt lovelorn STREPHON and the Hound;
If, there's the ſelf ſame vain Purſuit
Seen in the *Man* as in the *Brute*;
The ſame hot Zeal, the ſame no Profit,
The ſame ſucceſsleſs End made of it;
And if (as BACON's famous Law ſays,)
From like *Effects* we draw like *Cauſes*;
Then, by that Law, we may proclaim
The Object of their Love's the ſame;

And boldly, as our *Rabbi* doth,
Conclude a *Tail*'s the Cauſe of both.

This Thing call'd *Love*, this ſtrange Deſire,
That ſets our inmoſt Souls on fire,
This Charm that wraps up all our Senſes,
In its magnetic Influences,
While either Sex keep ſuch a Pother
And Fuſs to get at one another;
T' *account for this*, has many a Sage
In fruitleſs Labours ſpent his Age,
His whole Diſcov'ry, after all,
It is---Becauſe 'tis natural.

'Twas *this Enquiry* firſt led Way to
That old Hypotheſis of PLATO,
Which, with much learned Toil and Trouble,
Aſſerts, that ADAM firſt was *double*,
Female and Male together join'd,
One Body and two Souls combin'd.
This compound Race began e'er long,
Says he, to prove for Heav'n too ſtrong,

Till

Till JOVE, reſolv'd to keep them under,
Cut their united Forms in ſunder.
This Fact allow'd, he next applies
His *Theory* of *Sympathies*.
The Parts, ſays he, disjoin'd by Fate,
Still recollect their priſtine State.
A ſympathetic Impulſe ſtill
Does thro' their kindred Boſoms thrill;
Each are with other ſtill delighted,
And languiſh to be re-united.
Now, tho' to take theſe *Facts* on Truſt
We'll grant ye the *Concluſion's* juſt,
Yet (not to ſlander PLATO's Luſtre)
Apply *our Facts*, you'll find them juſter.
For could the Female Mind be ſeen
Thro' Prud'ry's hypocritic Screen,
Could we but meet one faithful Breaſt
Where ev'ry *Paſſion* ſtood *confeſt*,
Where ev'ry *Wiſh* and ev'ry *Sigh*
Came boldly forth and met the Eye,

And ev'ry *roſeate Bluſh* was *vocal*,
We'd find that Love is merely local,
We'd find 'tis *Part*, and not the *Whole*
Of *Man* that fires the *Virgin's* Soul;
We'd find *Thought* hov'ring near *that Place*
From whence *her Sex deriv'd their Race*,
That only Point the ſingle Scope
And Object of her Fear and Hope.

If Nature then imprints *that Part*
So ſtrongly on the *Maiden's* Heart;
If ſhe inſtills in *Paſſion's* Ear
A Wiſh to be *engrafted there*;
May we not fairly thence conclude,
That PLATO's Fable's falſe and crude;
And that, however *he* has miſs'd 'em,
Our Facts make out a better Syſtem?
May we not fairly end our Pages
With this *great Truth*, for future Ages
And future Nations to believe?
'Twas ADAM's *Tail that now is* EVE.

Thus

Thus, Ladies! I have told my Story,
And laid ſome modeſt Proofs before you---
A Slave to Beauty's mild Dominion,
I dictate not my own Opinion;
An old Tradition I've related,
A few Conjectures ſimply ſtated,
Can ſhew my Author's Page and Place,
And leave yourſelves to judge the Caſe;
Well knowing if we diſagree,
You'll blame the *Rabbins*, and not *me*.

11:7:49

THE END.

Thus, Ladies, I have told my Story,
And laid some needful Proofs before you—
A Slave to Beauty's mild Dominion,
I dictate not my own Opinion;
An old Tradition I've related,
A few Conjectures simply stated,
Can shew my Author's Page and Place,
And leave yourselves to judge the Case;
Well knowing if we differ,
You'll blame the Reader, and not me.

THE END.